Context, Thought, and Learning: ShiraDest publications Offers Project Do Better

About Project Do Better Manual & Handouts -Phase I: Public Transit, Public Libraries, Public Education, and Public Health Care Homepage (click here for Do Better book…)

Tag Archives: autobiography

Two Ships? Narratives Matter…

July 4, 12026 books autobiography, BlackHistory, mlk, slavery ShiraDestProjectDoBetter

Thanks again to NPR for reminding us that '*Gentlemen*' founding the Jamestown colony arrived on a ship called *The White Lion*, in 1619, carrying slaves to *the Old Dominion* the year before the *Mayflower* landed further North, and (my library does not have this book, yet, so I don't know if Reynolds mentions the Headright System that they used to gather in money and land grants as they gathered in people being sentenced to "transportation" for crimes like stealing a loaf of bread, as well as slaves, for the expendable labor force needed to colonize…) that

"Frederick Douglass resorted to the "two ships" metaphor frequently, while Lincoln avoided it, hoping to preserve a unified ship of state. Meanwhile, Southern descendants of *Cavaliers* [emphasis added by me -Ni…] invoked the *Mayflower* to emphasize the intolerance and "cruel, persecuting" character of the Puritans." … "Reynolds quotes … Mark Twain … as saying that " Sir Walter Scott "… with his …historical romances … did measureless harm; more real and lasting harm, perhaps, than any other individual that ever wrote …"

which reminds us that fiction, as President Lincoln is famously said to have commented to Mrs. Beecher Stow that she was

"the little woman who wrote the book that started this great war"

–**books**, even or especially fiction books, **matter**. If "Nathaniel Hawthorne's anti-Puritan novel, *The Scarlet Letter*, and, even more,"

the "medieval historical romances" of Sir Walter could make such a difference, then so can the Work of which Toni Morrison spoke. We must continue to bear witness, as she reminded us, even those of you who are not Black women writers, but especially us, the women who have been named with the slurs reserved for us by racists who would reduce us to *the N- word* and to the silence of our enslaved ancestresses. We must reject that fear of the portly pink faced boy blocking the door on that first day of school in Old Virginia, and ignore his naming of us with a word meant to instill the fear of lynchings-past, and we must remind everyone of that silenced ship of which Frederick Douglass spoke, the one driving *the ship of State* in the direction of the South's *Peculiar Institution*, and of tyrannical euphemism, and of terrorism hidden behind hoods and robes. The cautionary tale of the two ships, the *White Lion* vs the *Mayflower*, must be remembered for what has been covered up and forgotten ("pasamos pagina y tenemos paz, y despues, gloria…" as the Spaniards say: turning the page to forget, bringing peace, and then glory, which is pretty much exactly what has happened since the **writings** of both F. Douglass and Dr. King have been swept under the carpet in favor of vain memorials of hollow images. That is why ***The Project Do Better by ShiraDest Publications FUND*** begins with advocating *full* literacy and early childhood education starting with the children and single parents of *Bright Beginnings in DC* who strive to Do Better, with material help from the **GWCF**

Project Do Better:

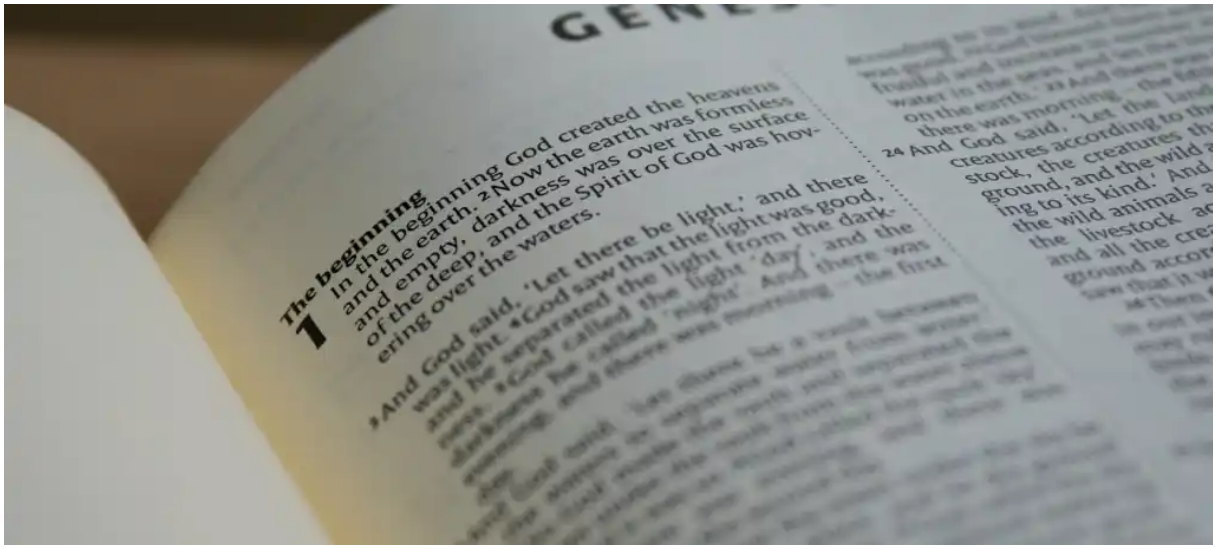
and with a few free ideas from Project Do Better, because we can Do Better, for

Enough For All, in Four Phases

the entire world.

Injustice Delenda Est,

Nia (fka Shira)


The beginning
1 In the beginning God created the heavens
and the earth. 2 Now the earth was formless
and empty, darkness was over the surface
of the deep, and the Spirit of God was hov-
ering over the waters.
3 And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there
was light. 4 God saw that the light was good,
and he separated the light from the dark-
24 And God said, 'Let the
creatures according to
stock, the creatures
ground, and the wild
ing to its kind.' And
the wild animals
the livestock
and all the cre
ground accor

Prophet?

May 31, 12026 The Do Better man. autobiography, c-ptsd, childabuse, dc, ptsd ShiraDestProjectDoBetter

"If you leave me, you will immediately die."

What had I done? Why was he saying this? I'd been doing my best. Working to have faith, working to be obedient. Trying to believe. Eve had said that she trusted him because he quoted scripture. Reading the Bible, at least, was better than watching her screaming at the TV, urging her favorite boxers to kill each other.

I heard him shuffle his feet, turning away from me. "I'm hungry. Let's …"

He did that strange twitch again, and again, his voice changed. Completely. He turned back to face me, a soft look in his eyes, as if an entirely different being were seeing through them.

"Lamb."

Nothing made sense. Nothing had ever made sense, but maybe it was me. It must be me. Everyone in Woodbridge said so. I was … hard-headed. Didn't give a damn. Smart but dumb. None of these things were true, but no one believed me, so why did it matter? I tried to obey, but every word I said was twisted, every thing I did, was wrong. No matter what. I wanted family, but no one believed me, no matter what I tried to say, or explain. And I always choked. The stares of disbelief, the shouts, the screams, the belt that was going to be for me, no matter what. And I certainly gave a damn. But no one else did. Not even when she held me over the stairs, pissed off because the belt was gone, but it wasn't me. I wasn't stupid enough to touch that belt, let alone hide it somewhere. I knew who had, of course, but it was no use. Die being pitched down the stairs, or die out here. What was the difference? Three children? From my skinny body? Right.

"You will bear three."

How did he do that? Maybe it was true. All I could do was stare, because this gentle voice would probably not last long. But what was going on?

"Thus saith the Lord. You will bear My prophet sons. Say not 'I am too young' for have I not known thee from

the womb? Yea, truly I say unto thee, you two are one, and you shall obey your husband as the Church obeys me."

Nothing made sense, but at least this was better. In this tongue, he would not hit me. I would not have to lie down with him. Even the pain went away, when he spoke like this, whoever he was. Whoever this gentle voice was. The only voice, since Grandma Marie, that had ever made me feel loved.

He twitched, again. Oh, no. Not that look. Maybe he'd leave me alone if I was busy.

"Um, I need to wash my hair."

"You are lukewarm."

"What? How am I-"

The slap had come out of nowhere. More of a shock than pain. I'd taken beatings that made a mere slap in the face look like cotton candy. But this was the first time by his hand. What had I said?

"Do not question me."

When had I questioned him? I opened my mouth to ask what I had done wrong, but no sound would come out. I looked him in the eye. That was a mistake. I found myself on the ground before I saw anything.

Then, I could not breath. Something was pressing into my chest so hard that my lungs refused to move, my ribcage smashed into the ground:

"Never question me!"

This voice was different, but not that gentle voice that said I was safe, and not even the normal voice that told me to stay still, but a growl, that told me to hide, in silence, and play dead. Even the pain down there was starting to go away. *Maybe I will finally die, here.* It was better than bearing his children.

It had been months since I had a period, but that wasn't new. I'd skipped for six months in a row, back in Oxon Hill, back when I'd been held over those stairs. After that, I'd been sent to stay with Eve, and my periods had started again, when she made me eat more meat. And I'd been taking the metro to my summer job. He'd offered to teach me calculus over the summer, and Eve liked him. Then, Dad had come back.

Eve said that I had to go back with them, next week. I had no one else to talk to, and he'd told me to pack a bag. Something about a school in Florida, and protecting me. I knew about shot records, but he told me to just do it, and don't ask questions. Tell no one, because, who could I trust? The one who held me over the stairs, or the one who drank and smoked? Obviously not the grandmother who let her husband kiss me, and certainly not the whoring mother who had sent me there.

So really, who, but the Lord, should I obey? Eve considered him a friend of the family, now, and said that I should be obedient to scripture. So did he. And I obeyed. But it was never enough. I was never good enough. No matter how hard I tried to obey, no one believed me. And nothing ever made sense. No matter where I was. I'd learned from my great grandma Marie that adults were supposed to be good, but none of them were, not even the other old folks. She believed in the Lord, so I wanted to believe. But I never got to see grandma.

But I could try to believe.

I heard footsteps, and looked up, but not far. I was too tired. “I’m not hungry.”

Then it happened again.

“I love you.”

Sometimes, he could seem so kind. Especially back before we’d left. Eve had told me that she and Dad had discussed my new friend, and that Dad called him a cradle robber, but she disagreed. She trusted him, as a religious man. I’d told him that Eve and Dad said I was too young to hang around with him, even for Calculus tutoring, but he’d promised me that I was safe, that my virginity was safe, and that he would get me into a good school where I would be safe from lecherous step-grandfathers, and no one would beat me for the sins of others. All I had to do was to have faith. And then, it had come. The Word.

“You are my wife.”

I had not known what to do, what to think. Like everything else in life, this made no sense. Maybe it wasn’t really happening. I knew I was too young to get married, and true to his word, a month had gone by, and I was still virgin. School had taken a detour because he had been asked to preach at several churches along the way.

Then, he had told them that we were married. By the Lord. I knew that someone must have spoken with him about it, because he told me. They disapproved. But he was the Lord’s prophet, and the Lord had given me to him to be his wife. Swallowed fingernail clippings, his version of a ceremony.

After that, he was always angry with me.

“I could love you if you were ten.”

My appetite left me again, as the pain down there started, right in step with the nausea. Again, it had been nearly six months since my last period. Everyone said I looked too thin, but was I pregnant? How would I know? At least it gained me favor in his eyes, and freedom from his appetites.

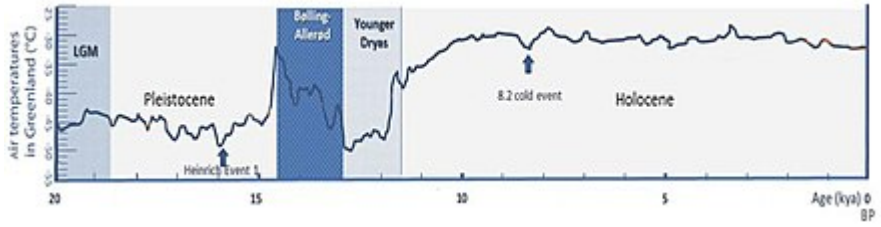
***

-Nia, writing to “bear witness” as Toni Morrison said is the Work of the Black woman writer, in the hope that no child ever suffers such things again. This is why I wrote the *Do Better*

Project Do Better:

manual/ifesto…

Enough For All, in Four Phases



Gregory, Julian , or Emiliani? Happy Old New Year, ’26…

March 30, 12026 Coop autobiography, c-ptsd, HoloceneCalendar, smoking ShiraDestProjectDoBetter

Welcome to another artificially marked and measured year, ’26, where the Earth has completed one more rotation around the sun, which of course we could begin marking off at any point during the year, as when I lived in Turkey my neighbors introduced me to the Persian holiday of Nevrus which they told me was also a Turkish holiday but the Arab Muslims told me that the Turks weren’t really Muslims because they celebrate pagan New year holidays like nevrus, but anyone who’s lived in California long enough also has been reminded of the Chinese New Year, and of course then there’s also the fact that the Julian calendar is still observed by the Greek Orthodox church with 11 additional days, but the new year used to be April 1st even here in Western Europe, which is still sometimes observed as the comic relief day of April fool’s day. Or, was that the ‘give us back our 10 days’ fools day? In any case, all of the cultural things that we think are true and real valid, are simply artificially created markers that different from culture to culture obviously.

A bit like our religions. Which I found out the hard way when I was 17 as I was told by someone I was 17 going on 31 in my first internship because I was a very serious teenager as I was told, but those basketball games that I couldn’t put up with going to, just like those concerts I really hated, we’re all because when you suffer from undiagnosed c-ptsd, and the lack of self-discipline of chaotic adults resulted in your physical sexual and emotional abuse, you tend to distrust the unpredictable nature of concerts basketball games where people are jumping around and making noise, and of course a military formation is comforting because you know exactly what’s going to happen when and where and by whom and self-discipline is expected. But also the chaos of your behavior being resented even while you influence others, as when I was going to church finally my roommates during that summer internship decided to announce very

loudly one Sunday morning that they were going to church, even while the person that I was living with after my dad and I were evicted announced to me that she was making dinner as she had the previous day when I came in from work that evening or rather that night and had leftovers which had pork in it even though I wasn't eating pork because of my then current religious beliefs but she would force me to eat it and there was nothing wrong with it, although she knew that my religion, while it was so new for her, was wrong, in the same way that she suddenly announced to me that I couldn't do laundry on Sunday because that was the Lord's Day. So I see that actions even without words influence people but people are so difficult to understand because your virtue should never be called goody two shoes. It's simply you not smoking because you're allergic to it, or because the smell of cigarette smoke pulls you back into that place where you had to hide when you heard those footsteps in that cigarette smoke came toward you or because sudden noises in the night usually meant in someone was coming to put his knees in your chest again or worse, in your back so judging people because they don't want to attend the concerts the basketball games the New Year's celebrations with cannons being fired, may not actually be what you think it is, folks. Sorry for this long digression, in returning to the new year, which today is January 1st of 26th, of the Holocene era if you keep the Holocene calendar, which was proposed by Italian American scientist Emiliano, I prefer to use an artificial marker that includes all of humanity, and all of the human cultures rather than one, actually the one that conquered the entire world at this point, thanks to those Northern germanics who left their Frozen cold places up in the north from the Dane law to conquer England before Richard the conqueror also known as Richard the bastard to some people I used to know, and the Normans from the northern slice of France that the fat french king, or was it somebody the Simple, who gave Normandy to the guys from up North, who then decided to go across the channel and also conquer England and take it from the Danes under the guy who became one-year at the battle of Stamford bridge, while shaping French to be the language we know today based on Norman French from Normandy which was really French influenced by former Vikings, in the form of their descendants from england, who then went on to conquer pretty much the rest of the world. So welcome to the bully world that we know today. Great, so our global culture has been shaped by the Vikings, essentially, who, I will admit, appeared to have a somewhat more egalitarian sense of doing things than the Romans, who shaped the Mediterranean in the likeness of the Hellenistic world, at least culturally due to their lack of imagination for anything that was not related to conquest, like roads and rigged circuses, because the biggest bully won, even if she was just a big woman, capable of killing lots of people and frightening the hell out of everyone, and apparently there were one or two women reported to be scary enough to be queens or leaders in the Viking era, and yes they were more egalitarian because the person who was the meanest mother f***** in the valley, as we used to say, back in the 80s, in the Vietnam War version of The Lord's prayer sorry the 26th psalm which is 'Yay, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil , for I am the meanest mother f***** in the valley', and that's what our world is today congratulations all you idiots, who allow and uphold this culture of bullies and dog eat dog, with every dollar and Euro that you spend especially those idiots spending money on tobacco and marijuana products particularly the e-cigarette users who seem to think that that's any better when in fact you're using the same materials still spewing contaminants and in fact a lot of reports are showing now that vaping is actually worse than simple cigarette smoking, but you're also buying more products from that little vape machine to the capsules that you have to buy so you know better on the people who are rolling their own and of course every last one of you are supporting the tobacco and marijuana industries on the kneecapers behind them, so, congratulations, you morons , you think you're being free while you're actually oppressing the rest of the world even more than the idiots buying their avocados everyday from the kneecapers with their coalitions of gun guys and gun carrying warlords down in Peru who switched from selling drugs to selling avocados, and we think this is better , stupidly, because the Bourgeois are still like pigs , and do indeed still get worse over time. We could have done better than this if we had really wanted to, but instead, we're launching artillery and calling it fireworks while the world runs head first, leading with their faces, to go fight one another again because it's cheaper, they seem to think, than actually cooperating, and it *is* cheaper: for the 1%. Good job, everybody else. Maybe, just maybe my cynical cousin is right and people do get the government they deserve, because Gandhi wasn't wrong, and if you are willing to sacrifice your own needs for the needs of the future, he proved, just as Dr. King also later again proved that it is possible to create a better system and a better world, at least

for a short time, but that depends on having a community that is self-disciplined enough to sacrifice the immediate needs of the few for the longer term needs of everyone. Do we listen to Dr. King? No, of course not. Because we don't want leaders, we want leader less and leader full movements that don't actually get anything done. But then of course we still admire Malcolm X, even though when he died he was Malcolm Shabazz. Human beings are hopeless, but we can't give up hope anyway. Because we really can Do Better, and we could be "*better than we are*"

. This rant about how my landlady threatened me with having to find another place which she knew was nearly impossible without correct papers, when I mentioned that her idiot son was smoking right in front of my front door which is also right in front and below my intake from my air conditioning and heating system, but of course she insisted nowhere comes through there even though there's a huge opening gap on the machine you can't close so yeah the air does come through there and you feel it when anyone opens a door or a window, just like the upstairs balcony door in the small room that's usually warm except for when somebody opens a door and when you sitting there at the desk feeling The frigid draft coming through the literal Gap that you can actually see, but of course she can't bother insist that the guy replaced that balcony door because she has to take her vacations to Italy and tell me that oh no no where comes to that cracked glass or through the actual Gap that you can see right above the glass close the door downstairs and those drafts that she admits to having from the fireplace that also has cracked glass is not a problem because she doesn't have to live here with the draft and yeah thank you for that heater at the end of December that you give me, which does absolutely no good when these idiots start opening their doors to smoke out the door while they hang halfway out as they do here in Portugal smoking this cigarettes thinking that the smoke doesn't come in which it does, while they hang inside to keep themselves warm with their cigarette sticking two inches outside the door bringing both the cold air and there's smoke into my unit because for some reason these freaking townhouses are all connected and the air acts as a wind tunnel through their chimneys and even with every window and door firmly closed, with the metallic blinds down, and draft stoppers under the doors the Frigid air, still comes through as if this entire place will one big sieve, and my only friend seems to think that I'm looking for some place that's perfect, brought to you by Anón*i*a ,

aka, just *Ni* , on the 1st day of the *year 12,0**26** **H**olocene **E**ra* or ***H**uman **E**ra*, on behalf of the little hope I still have left for the kids in DC of *Bright Beginnings in DC* via *The **Project Do Better** by **ShiraDest Pub**lications Fund* for *Bright Beginnings* managed by the Greater Washington Community Foundation, AKA the **GWCF**. Oh, yes, and also brought to you by Project Do Better and the first edition of the Do Better man

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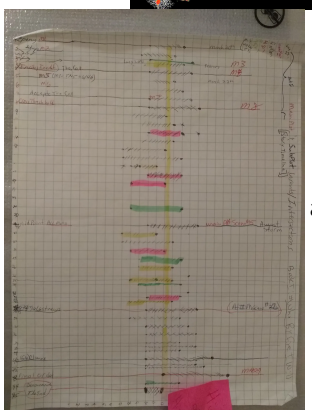
, which is always a free book, and which also is editable by communities , so, please read it, and also don't forget to read about the Holocene Era.

Thinking of Charlotte Grimké, and Yet another story to give away?

March 25, 12026 MyWorks autobiography, BlackHistory, familyhistory, ShortStory, writing
ShiraDestProjectDoBetter

By the time this post goes live, hopefully, I will have had more time and energy to fill in a few thoughts about her, but if not, I hope that some Wonderful Readers will help me out, here. As for the story, this one, unlike *Who By Fire*

, just follow the tag in the tag cloud, is not drafted at all. Just the idea, here , if anybody wants it:



“Stand off in the frozen front yard” as a key scene in psychokinesis or fantasy thriller. Yes, my Early childhood and life was far too interesting. So, depending on which particular key scene you wanted to use this in, whether the initial introduction or the first plot point, with a midpoint turning twist, or the final confrontation false climax or the real final proof, any of the what seven or eight or nine or 11 different key plot point scenes, the very same scene that I could describe, which was a 13 year old girl being confronted by about a dozen the two dozen kids in her front yard being accused of having started a fight with two other girls who are bigger than she was, in the winter so hence the Frozen front yard, could be a main plot point, will even maybe a subplot point but no matter what you decided to do with this scene, 10 different writers will come up with 10 different stories or novels on the basis of this scene idea and I love to see how that comes out.

Injustice delenda est,

Antónia, or Ni,

on behalf of the book ***Project Do Better*** *by* ***ShiraDest*** *Publications*, and **of story and the arts for hope**,

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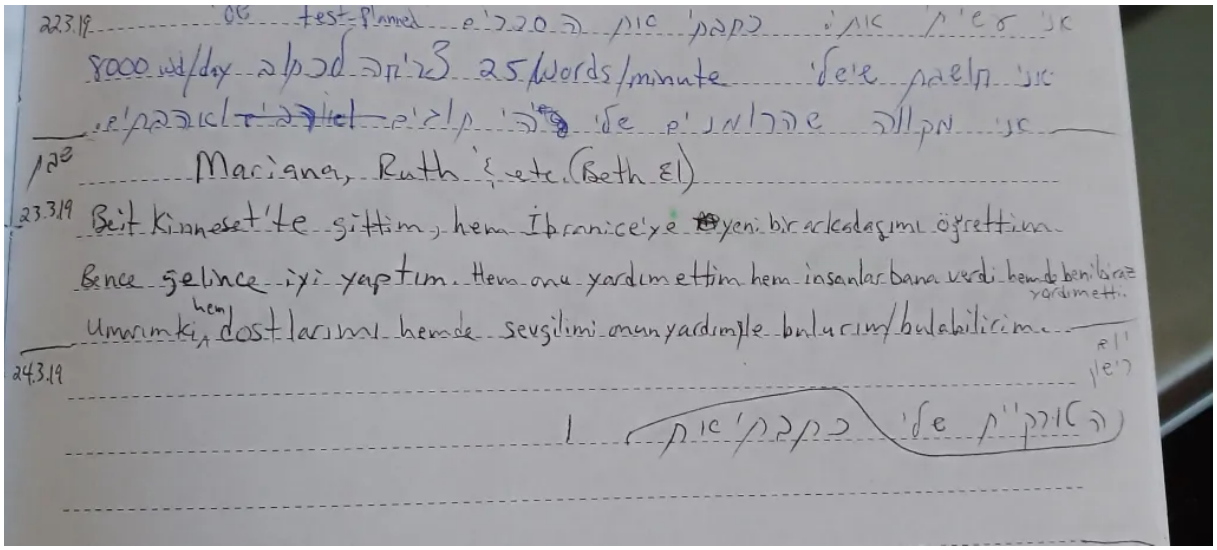
works for really accessible homes, even just a *Tiny Condo*, for every single kid,

and for The **Project Do Better by ShiraDest Publications *Fund*** for *Bright Beginnings in DC*, via the **GWCF**


Maciana, Ruth & etc. (Beth El)
Beit Kinneset'te gittim, hem İbranice'ye yeni bir arkadaşımı öğrettim
Bence gelince iyi yaptım. Hem onu yardım ettim hem insanlar bana verdi
Umarım ki, hem dostlarımı hem de sevgilimi onun yardımıyle bulurum/bulabilirim

Polyglot Ways, 35: Writing Prep, and empathy?

March 18, 12026 PublicLibrary autobiography, languagelearning, libraries, PolyglotWays, writing ShiraDestProjectDoBetter

Finally. This week shows that I was finally getting the French, Turkish, Spanish, and Hebrew all in writing in my journal every week if only once per day, while beginning of work of writing the nonfiction book that I thought was most important part of my life and of making some contribution that would make my life worth having put up with all these years. Libraries really made a difference in this time when I went to the public library and looked through book groups at least met a friendly librarian. A friendly face is really important and that's *the most important thing that* ***Project Do Better*** *is trying to say. Empathy matters*.

For *The* ***Project Do Better*** *by* ***ShiraDest*** *Publications Fund* managed by the ***Greater Washington Community Foundation*** for the Early childhood organization *Bright Beginnings* in DC, Dest*i*n*i*e Anton*i*a, or, just *Ni*, writer

of the first version of free book: Project Do Better: Enough for All in Four Phases

Enough For All, in Four Phases

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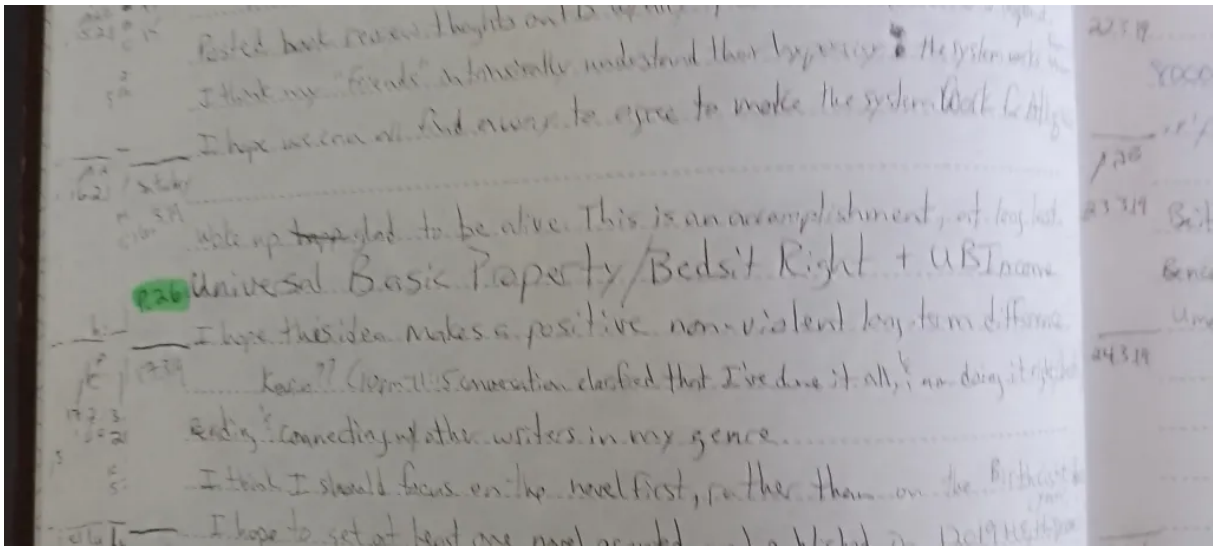
December, ’25, Famalicão , Portugal.


Universal Basic Property/Bedsit Right + UBIncome
I hope this idea makes a positive non-violent long-term difference
I think I should focus on the novel first, rather than

Polyglot Ways, 34: The System?

March 7, 12026 Coop 4Freedoms, autobiography, basicincome, FreeRoomAndRice, PolyglotWays ShiraDestProjectDoBetter

I had forgotten about my idea for a universal basic property right or Universal basic bedsit right. With a reference back to week 26. I understand that we live under the system which enshrines property rights above all, with an adversarial legal system to back it up which itself is backed by the threat of violence or often by actual violence. So how do we change this system to one that works for all of us and encourages and brings out the best in all of us?

For *The* ***Project Do Better*** *by* ***ShiraDest*** *Publications Fund* managed by the ***Greater Washington Community Foundation*** for the Early childhood organization *Bright Beginnings* in DC, Destin*i*e Anton*i*a, or, just *Ni*, writer

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Project Do Better:

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December, ’25, Famalicão , Portugal.

Health care, and Three lost generations

February 11, 12026 Health Care autobiography, BlackHistory, dc, familyhistory, UniversalHealthCare ShiraDestProjectDoBetter

. So, my great great grandfather died of lung problems, untreated as far as I know, and then his daughter, my great grandmother Senora Mayo, daughter of a self admittedly not well woman Celeste Armstrong, who was also unfortunately married to my gr gr grandfather, which could not have helped her health, dies of TB during the great depression, leaving my grandmother Laverne an orphan, left back east in DC as her two siblings get sent out to California. And Grandma Laverne

, before she had three strokes and al-

ways kept her hair plaited in two pig tails, from as far back as I can remember her ,

clearly seems to have looked quite different, when she was younger. And healthy. At least physically , from her appearance there, with my grandfather. Later in life, though, it is clear that all three of them, Celeste Armstrong Mayo, Senora Mayo Hall, and Laverne Hall, my great great grandmother, my great grandmother, and my grandmother, were failed by a healthcare system that works far better for many other American people. And we could change that. Especially when we start with the youngest generations. We have solid evidence that early childhood interventions in both the medical sphere and the educational sphere make a

Project Do Better:

world of difference. Let's do better for all of our world.

Enough For All, in Four Phases

. Ni, for ***The Project Do Better by ShiraDest Publications Fund*** for *Bright Beginnings in DC* via The Greater Washington Community Foundation **GWCF**

Why Greetings are Important

February 4, 12026 The Do Better man. autobiography, Community, cooperation, ProjectDoBetter, tools ShiraDestProjectDoBetter

In thinking about a former roommate who asked me why we had to bother with saying good morning, or hello, etc, upon seeing another person when he entered in the room, I realized that it is important to clarify, often times, the importance of certain social rituals we find in every culture, ok, possibly except for at the University of Bath phd students' coffee area sink, early in the morning when one of your fellow PhD students, a Brit, refuses to bother to return your morning greeting, because they are apparently exempt from this supposition. In cases of primitive social situations, like most school playgrounds, and in situations in which one does not know the people involved, or where one needs to be able to predict the most likely potential behavior, at that moment, of an unpredictable larger or manipulative person, as with a child in an abusive household, upon first seeing an individual, the custom of making a more or less friendly greeting plays the role of a peace overture, and also allows one to judge the state of the other person, to decide whether the situation is dangerous, and how to deal with it, via retreat, or negotiation, assuaging the potential hostility of the more dangerous party. This makes the custom of the opening greeting, combined with the ability to read the body language of the responder, a survival skill. But, that's not all. It also allows the development of healthy social relations between people, and the development of a deeper connection. That's why greetings are important, even for those who have to apparently learn or memorize lots of rules in order to know how to respond. That was the case of this person, and my feeling of sympathy for that situation didn't actually help because it was taken as an insult. And my distress at the lack of response to my greetings eventually led to my moving out because it's really frustrating to be frozen out, where to feel as if one is being frozen out, by someone who simply can't be bothered to try to respond to a normal social custom that actually does have a valid reason behind it and is not a waste of time as this person argued. That's why empathy, even the development of empathy for those who appear not to have the normal social instincts, is important. That's how we build peace in this world.

. Ni, for the protection of all of us, and **for *The Project Do Better*** **Project Do Better:**

Enough For All, in Four Phases

by ShiraDest

***Publications Fund* for** the early childhood education nonprofit *Bright Beginnings in DC* via The Greater Washington Community Foundation.

Para ti, Dieguito

February 2, 12026 Coop autobiography, ProjectDoBetter, Spanish ShiraDestProjectDoBetter

No sé dónde estás, Diego, pero pienso en ti a menudo y sé, porque todavía tengo fe en ti, que el niño que estabas se convirtió en un hombre de honor.

Tú tía,

Y el **Proyecto Do Better** de **ShiraDest** publicaciones

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Enough For All, in Four Phases

en ’25…

what’s worse than neighbors talking loudly at midnight?

January 25, 12026 The Do Better man. autobiography, NNC ShiraDestProjectDoBetter

it’s neighbors still coming and going at 2:30 in the morning

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